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been no attempt made by the Chickerings to delude the public by advance puffs, or by false statements of first medals won over all the rest of the world. The only machinery used being the republication of critical articles taken from the leading musical journals of Paris and elsewhere. They raised no flags to commemorate a triumph that had not been achieved, and therefore had no occasion to pull them down in sight of jeering observers. In short, they trusted in the merits of their magnificent pianos, and in the discrimination and impartiality of the juries, and verily, they have got their reward.

Thus ends the great Piano competition of 1867, which excited the most absorbing interest, not only in this country, but in Europe. The competitors were eminent, so that he who came out best in the fight, could claim without controversy the high honor of superior excellence over all others. The struggle was close and earnest, but an American firm finally won, to the chagrin and disappointment of all.

The Chickerings have got a Gold Medal of honor, and from the same royal hands which presented it, and in order to more pointedly mark the appreciation of the eminent services rendered by the Chickerings in developing and perfecting the piano-forte, their representative in Paris, Mr. C. F. Chickering, received the unexampled tribute to genius and practical skill, the

DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

They may now raise their flag without fear of being questioned, and without the necessity of taking it down again. They have won the right, and their banner should be thus inscribed:—

Paris Exposition, July 1st, 1867.

THE GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR!



THE DECORATION OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.
CHICKERING & SONS.

The end has come, and henceforth we shall have but little to say, of the great Piano-forte Controversy of the eventful year 1867.

TERRACE GARDEN CONCERTS.

This delightful place of amusement is now in the full tide of success. The place is literally thronged every fair night by the best people in the city. The return of Mr. Theodore Thomas, has given increased vi-

talities to the programmes, and the new pieces he has brought with him are most charming features in the bill.

The programme for the third Sunday evening concert (to-morrow night) is a fine one, and will attract the accustomed overflowing audience.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN TRIUMPH OF WHEELER & WILSON.

One of the most gratifying results of the Paris Exposition, is the well-deserved honor conferred upon the well-known firm of WHEELER & WILSON. They have for years stood in the front rank of manufacturers of Sewing Machines in this country, and their name has become a household word throughout Europe. Their machines have a world-wide reputation for thorough excellence and perfect work, and they have always been the foremost in the march of improvement until it is almost impossible to conceive that anything can be added to their machines to achieve any greater perfection. So proud a position could hardly need an added honor, but Europe has conferred upon them so distinguished a reward, that all will acknowledge now, that they stand above all, the first makers in the world. They had eighty-two first class competitors in the Paris Exposition, but the jury awarded to Wheeler & Wilson, the *only Gold Medal, for the most perfect Sewing Machine*; thus placing them at the head of all Sewing Machine manufacturers both in Europe and America. This is their due; they have earned it, and we rejoice at their success.

[From the London Musical World.]

"ST. PAUL" AT VIENNA.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

St. Paul has at length been performed here, thus arriving last of all at the greatest musical town of Germany. That Mendelssohn's works have till now found so little favor in Vienna, is a fact so closely connected with the musical life of the place as to be worth considering by itself, and I shall return to the subject at another time. Meanwhile I will only say that the Viennese are absolutely incredulous as to the capacities of all foreign musical celebrities (with the exception of an Italian or two); but once win their hearts, and you may turn them and twist them as you like, they will smother you with praises and embraces. There is a clique here, the descendant of those which hissed off Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Beethoven's Overture to *Leonora*, a clique who pretend that Mendelssohn composes nothing that can be understood, who have an idea that they can put a stop to his fame by a volley of pitchforks and sticks, or weapons equally

rude; in a word, as contemptible and ignorant a crew, and as incapable of either judgment or action, as the wisecracks of any tenth-rate village.

To destroy such pigmies as these requires no apostolic thunder; a mere frown from the proper person is enough to crush them. But *St. Paul* really worked miracles. The audience were actually kindled into a blaze of enthusiasm by its continued succession of beauties. Such fulness, such masterly power, and above all, such a chanting melody, were utterly unexpected. When I counted the people at the end of the performance there were as many as at the beginning! and one must know Vienna to understand the full meaning of that fact. As yet, there has not been much love lost between Vienna and the Oratorios of three hours' duration. But *St. Paul* has broken the spell. What more shall I say? Every number told, three were loudly encored, and at the end there was universal applause. Gyrowetz declared that "in his opinion it was the greatest work of modern times," and old Seyfried that "he never thought that he should live to hear anything like it in his old age." In short, the victory was a perfect triumph. Considering that the orchestra had only two rehearsals, one cannot but feel vast respect for the ability of the Viennese. The performance was not perfect, indeed it was not to be expected; but a chorus that sings with all its might, and requires to be repressed rather than encouraged, is seldom met with in north Germany, where they persist in keeping their books before their faces, and are only too glad if they get through without breaking down. The Viennese are quite peculiar in their singing; once set them off, and they sing away like a cage full of canaries. The solos were well enough given, though not by the first celebrities of the town; but some, for instance, the bass, were remarkably good. The performances were under the direction of the Society of Amateurs, a most praiseworthy body which has lately shown signs of great activity. Dr. Edler von Sonnleithner deserves especial mention, to whose indefatigable exertions the success of the undertaking was chiefly due; the difficulty of getting together an orchestra of a hundred members in this place is inconceivable, though with more unity of purpose and more concentration of means, it would be easy to form one of a thousand or more. Therefore, honor be to all those who by their love and devotion have been the means of introducing this work, this treasure of our time, to the many genuine lovers of music in Vienna. It could not fail to leave an impression even on the mass of the people, and the call of "Sleepers, wake" will find an echo in many a heart. There is already some talk of a second and third performance.

THE "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

[EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.]

.... You, dear friend, must of course be the first to hear something about the *Midsummer's Night Dream* from me. We saw it at last yesterday—the first performance for some three hundred years. It was a happy thought of the manager to bring it out in winter; for, in summer, the *Winter's Tale* would obviously be more to one's taste. Many, I can assure you, only saw Shakspeare for the sake of hearing Mendelssohn. Not so with me. I always knew that Mendelssohn was not like one of those second-rate actors who take care to let every one know when they have a chance of playing in company with their superiors; and accordingly he has made the music (except the overture) a mere accompaniment, a medium or bridge between Bottom and Oberon, without which the transition to fairyland would be almost impossible—a part which the music must have played even in Shakspeare's time. If any one expected more than this, they must have been disappointed; the music is even more subordinate than in the *Antigone*, where, it is true, the choruses obliged him to use it more largely. In the regular business of the play, and in the love-scenes, it takes no part; except once, where it illustrates in a very touching way, *Hermia's* search for her lover. This number is admirable throughout. Elsewhere it merely accompanies the fairy-scenes; and there, as I need not tell you, Mendelssohn is in his element—nobody more so. About the Overture, there has never been but one opinion; though of course some "translated* Bottom" will always be found to bray disapproval. It has more of the bloom of youth than any of his works: even at that early age he was a skilful artist, and chose a truly happy moment for his first and highest flight.

It touched me exceedingly to see fragments of the Overture making their appearance in the more recent numbers of the work; the only place where I found fault with it was at the end of all, where the close of the Overture is repeated note for note. It is easy to see that his object was to round off the composition, but this way of doing it seems to me commonplace. The last scene ought surely to be the liveliest of all; at any rate, I had imagined that a great effect might be made, and expected something altogether fresh and original. Only think of the scene; the fairies swarming in through every chink and cranny of the house for their dance; Puck

"— sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door:"

and Oberon giving his benediction:—

"Now until the break of day
Through this house each fairy stray.

* Enter BOTTOM with an ass's head.

Quince. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee, thou art translated.

And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace!"

One can imagine nothing more beautiful for music. Perhaps he will still write something new for it. To me, therefore, it seemed as if the climax of the piece were wanting; and notwithstanding all the charming things in the previous acts; notwithstanding Bottom's ass's head—which no doubt pleased many, even now-a-days; notwithstanding the magic of the night in the forest, and the perplexities of the lovers, which no one can forget; notwithstanding all this, the whole gave me somewhat the impression of a *curiosity*.

About the rest, I assure you when the clowns and fairies first enter, the music is wonderfully refined and spirited; and the orchestra sounds as droll and full of music as if the fairies themselves had got into the instruments—altogether a new effect. Most lovely, too, is the air and chorus immediately following it—"Ye spotted snakes,"—and so, in fact, is every place where the fairies are at work. Then there's a march (the first, I think, that Mendelssohn has written) before the end of all; it slightly recalls the march in Spohr's *Weiber de Tönle*, and might otherwise have been more original; but it has a most charming trio. The orchestra, under the direction of M. D. Bach, played capitally, and the actors took great pains, but the mounting of the piece might almost be called shabby. It is to be repeated to-day.

MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

This gentleman was so well known, and as the leader of an orchestra so well appreciated in this country, that we make no excuse for extracting the following concise description of his career and singular death from a foreign periodical. It is written by an old associate, from memoranda furnished by Madame Jullien:

M. Jullien was born at Sisteron, in the Lower Alps, April 23, 1212. His mother was an Italian. His father, a Frenchman, was professor of music, and conductor of the Garde Nationale. Jullien gave early indication of his talent for music. The first musical instrument he learnt to play was the drum, on which he performed in the band when quite a child. Afterwards he studied the violin, and on that instrument was the principal attraction as an infant prodigy at some concerts his father gave in the principal towns in Italy. When a lad, he went on board the man-of-war *La Sirene*, his father having been appointed conductor of the ship's band. He was present at the battle of Navarino. His father being ill, he did duty for him as conductor, and the admiral wishing to hear some of the music of *Der Freischütz* by the band, young Jullien set about scoring it from a piano-forte copy.

After the war was over he returned to France, and played for six months on the piccolo in the band of one of the regiments of the line. He had a great desire to go to Paris and study composition at the Conservatoire, and for that purpose started on foot for Paris, and entered the Conservatoire un-

der Cherubini and Halevy. He had to play in the orchestras of the Barriere to earn enough to keep him. His performances attracted the attention of the proprietor of the Jardin Turc, who made him conductor of that establishment. He there created an immense sensation by playing the "Nightingale Valse" on the piccolo. All Paris flocked to hear him. He there formed the acquaintance of Rossini. One evening after the performance of the overture of "*Guillaume Tell*," the composer came up and introduced himself, saying he was Rossini the composer, and wished to suggest some slight alteration in the "reading" of the overture.

The great maestro was so delighted with the readiness of the conductor to fall in with his suggestion, that they were ever afterwards friends, and Rossini obtained for him the direction of the Bals d'Opera. Jullien was at this time the idol of the Paris public, making about £4,000 a year. He was, however, young and reckless, and spent his money faster than he earned it. When at the height of his popularity in Paris, he opened the celebrated casino in the Chaussee d'Antin. The success of this undertaking was so great that the managers of the theatres endeavored to suppress it, and the police authorities were induced to order the room to be closed. This led Jullien to publish a programme, in which he turned the French government into ridicule, and for this offence he was condemned to imprisonment and a heavy fine. To escape this punishment he fled to England, where he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1838. Eliason was then the manager of the theatre, and engaged Jullien to conduct the dance music. His success was so great that Eliason soon made him *conducteur en chef*.

In 1841 he made his first provincial tour, and in 1842 opened the Lyceum for promenade concerts. At the end of that season Jullien returned to Paris, being promised by Louis Philippe that if he surrendered himself he should be pardoned. He underwent a short imprisonment at St. Pelagie, with other political offenders, and was liberated.

In the spring of 1843 he returned to London, and made a large sum of money by publishing his own polkas and valse. In November of 1843 he gave a second series of concerts at the English opera. He then accepted a proposal to join Mr. Gye, who, for a short time, had been employed by him as manager in some concerts at Covent Garden. This partnership in concerts continued up to Jullien's departure for America in 1853.

In 1847 Jullien opened Drury Lane as an English opera, and introduced Sims Reeves to the London public. This undertaking was unfortunate, and the manager became bankrupt. On his examination, he was highly complimented by the commissioner, who told him that he left the court without a stain upon his character.

In 1853 his opera "*Peter the Great*" was produced at Covent Garden. In July, 1853, he left for America, under engagement to his London publishers. The expenses of this expedition completely absorbed the receipts and £5,000 besides. Instead of relying upon Jullien's name as the great attraction which it really was, a mistaken policy induced the managers to take out a number of instrumental performers, whose salaries and living cost more than the receipts could possibly cover. Jullien remained in America until June, 1854, and visited every town of importance in the United States. It was at his concerts that